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THE WEEK 419

FIGHT OVER NEUTRALITY *Harry Lorin Binsse* 422

GRAFENAU DENAZIFIED *William H. Jordy* 424

COUNTRY HOUSE-HUNTING *Frances M. Lyng* 427

COMMUNICATIONS 430

THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 433

THE LABOR MOVEMENT *John C. Cort* 434

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 435

A Catholic Looks at the World—The Fire of the Lord—Empire and the Sea—Peace of Mind —The Unforeseen—The Flight and the Song

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A Hand to Clasp

THE DISAPPOINTINGLY sparse dispatches which have thus far reached our shores from Cambridge, England, and the meeting of the World Council of Churches do indicate one fact. There is a strong sentiment among Protestants of many lands for joint action with Catholics on world problems, especially on those vital to the establishment of a lasting peace. The current existence of such a sentiment, and whatever action Protestant bodies take to implement it, could hardly be more welcome.

It is up to Catholics to accept such gestures in the spirit in which they are offered. To greet them in all sincerity and without suspicion. Not to be outdone in generosity, cooperativeness and zeal for the common good.

And yet there is grave danger that attempted cooperative action in the interests of a just peace and a prosperous society will flicker out if there is not a realistic limitation of objectives. If the scope is too broad, either the projected collaboration will be confined to friendly generalities or too many differences on detail will frustrate any effective joint efforts. The gesture of the Council does not mean that Protestants have overcome their traditional anxiety about the Catholic Church. Basic differences as to religious beliefs have even widened. And many Catholics still resent the activity of Protestant missionaries in presumably Catholic countries, while numerous Protestants continually deplore certain policies of the Vatican (witness preoccupation with Mr. Myron Taylor). The point is that Christians (and Jews) everywhere realize that unless the moral forces in the world are brought to bear jointly in the cause of justice and peace, power politics in general and the cleavage between Russia and the West in particular will bring the peoples of the world to a holocaust ruinous literally for generations. Interfaith collaboration in this area is of the essence now.

It is encouraging to note that the *Christian Century*, which has always seemed to us excessively fearful of the objectives of the Catholic Church, while warning its readers of the limits it would set to interfaith cooperation, lists in its current issue a remarkable number of objectives on which Protestants should actively collaborate with Catholics: "social justice, industrial peace, economic recovery, the suppression of anti-Semitism and the abatement of interracial prejudice." Despite repeated appeals by Pius XII for cooperation of all Christians and other believers in God to heal the ills of society, American Catholics have been far too hesitant to take the forward step. Our duty here is plain.

GI Revolution

ALMOST exactly midway between Chattanooga and Knoxville on the Southern Railway lies the town of Athens, Tennessee, seat of McMinn County. Tennessee politics are well known to be what they are, with local bosses solidly entrenched and solidly cooperating with the equally entrenched Crump machine around Memphis. Apparently a lot of people in Athens—a lot of very respectable people at that—got fed up. So the veterans of the county decided this year to enter the primary with a ticket of their own. When election day came, the incumbent sheriff, named Mansfield, swore in a preternatural number of deputies, some of them from outside the county, to keep the election "honest and aboveboard." The veterans were on their guard, and evidently decided that if the deputies were going to be armed, the veterans might as well be also. What happened is probably known to every American by now, since it made a perfect newspaper story. No one was killed, but a number of people were hurt, there was a miniature siege of the beleaguered deputies in the local Bastille, Sheriff Mansfield resigned, and the GI ticket was certified as duly elected by the voters of McMinn County.

Since, after all, our American nation was founded by virtue of revolution, and since such revered figures as Jefferson evidently thought that revolution had valuable tonic effects on the body politic, it would be a trifle hypocritical for Americans to raise their hands in horror at these

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goings-on in the shadow of the Great Smokies. The only detail lacking to make the whole business perfectly in keeping is the apparent absence of squirrel guns. In this case, also, even the theologians might approve. Their requirements for a just rebellion include the existence of no other remedy, an insistence that no greater evil be in view as a result of the rebellion than the evil the rebellion is intended to cure, that people should not have recourse to arms unless they have a reasonable chance of success, etc. Without being, we may be sure, aware of these criteria, the inhabitants of McMinn County seemed to have acted as though guided by them.

Having said this much, it may seem ungenerous to raise any doubts concerning the episode. Yet common sense forces us to raise them. Nothing could be more dangerous both for our liberties and our welfare than the making of the McMinn County Revolution into a habit. For the one sinister aspect of this whole business is the fact that it was organized and operated by veterans, as such. This may be pure circumstance; if it is more than circumstance, it is certainly a shadow no bigger than a man's hand.

German Unity

THE MOVES made by the United States Government toward some kind of cooperation and joint management of the different German occupation zones are by no means shocking, radical or unprepared. The effort is a step toward unity and away from disastrous division which keeps all the parts of Germany in ruin and maintains in the productive heart of Europe a whirling vacuum which makes peace planning, such as that going on currently in Paris, quite futile. These moves finally undertaken by the United States are necessary.

The English have tentatively welcomed our initiative; General Koenig of the French still awaits instructions from home; the Russians have rejected us in the most violent possible terms—with a whole propaganda barrage of misinterpretation, calumny and attack. The Russians say our projected unified efforts with the British are a move to divide Germany and Europe. But the disunity and division is an accomplished fact—a fact given hard continuity by the lack of coordination and parallel interest between the Russian zone and the other zones during this past full year. Furthermore, the plans we offer are open-ended—not for the British and American zones exclusively, but for any occupying power which wants to cooperate. In fact, nearly every observer has remarked that Russian policy is rule or ruin. The *New Leader* sums it up, "Moscow pursues a double policy: a strong united Germany under a Communist government or a weak, disunited Germany if Britain, America and the German people block the first scheme."

Russia cannot even claim that we are upsetting "Potsdam," that deplorable and bankrupt policy and plan which is impossible to defend on rational or humane grounds. "Potsdam" envisaged many negative accomplishments, and looked for these joint positive developments now suggested: unified German councils for finance, foreign trade and commerce, communications, transportation, industry. These are economic matters on which the US is asking action. An excellent article by F. A. Hermens in the current *Review of Politics* shows that in economics Potsdam has been too well followed, concluding: "The negative provisions of the Potsdam declarations have been effective enough; as yet, there have been no positive developments." It is time to go ahead; already terribly late.

The plan and the hope is not simply to build up Germany again in order to produce a fourth or fifth aggressive Reich. The longer range goal of American and British policy toward Germany particularly in economics, has not, indeed, been stated except in the defensive, negative terms of the prohibition of national war making power and will. (Also, naturally, the design to stop Germany from draining away food and other resources from the United Nations.)

It can be hoped that the first steps toward rebuilding Germany are finally under way, and it is to be profoundly hoped that this is not an isolated gesture simply to revive Germany without reference to a wider plan. The German economy must fit into Europe: into a more unified, federalized, continental economy and culture than Europe has had since nationalism and industrialism matured. If a quarter of Germany as big and developed as either the American or the British zone cannot make a go of it alone, what chance have the smaller European states whose populations, industrial capacities, and technical-scientific levels are far more restricted than one quarter of modern Germany? Europe needs unity, indeed, and this ought to be a step toward that goal.

Europe Still Exists

YOU CAN be too close to a trouble or too far from a trouble. It is very easy to say that a statesman needs to insert a distance—preferably of meditation—between himself and a trouble before he can see it properly in perspective. But then middle aged ladies equipped with parasol and easel come into the picture; they hold a pencil at arm's length measuring the height of the church steeple, the width of the barn door, the horizon's curve, the incalculable depth of the sky—English ladies on the Continent.

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If you think that the trouble is Russia, you can be so close to Russia, if you are a Pole or a Czech or a Balkan or a Balt, that you will not be able to look at Russian soldiers or policemen or at communism as if they were beyond a frontier or an Atlantic. You will be so close to them that when you think about them it will be as if you were thinking about something that hurt you in your own body, listening to the heart that pauses, then beats again, to the hurried breath. A great part of Europe is so close to Russia that the Russian trouble is the trouble of living through one day after another; it is the climate, and people, some people, the survivors, can become accustomed to any climate; they become Eskimos or Arabs. A certain part of Europe has now been placed within the Russian system, the Russian climate, and the peoples of Europe who are in this new and changed situation will have to wait until another ice age, or God, or a new revolution changes the Russian climate and the communist system. Meanwhile, the statesmen representing these peoples, or governing these peoples, or delegated simply by the Russians to look like statesmen in a government, cannot see Russia in perspective. They are too close to Russia.

But you can be too far from Russia also especially if you are in America looking at the new maps for air travel that were drawn up with extraordinary new projections at the time that we were thinking that the world had become One World. These maps make Russia look very close to America, but they make Europe look as if it did not exist at all. They make the Old World look as if it fell into two parts. They make Russia one part, America another, and it is as if Europe, Western Europe, had fallen into the sea. They make the British Isles look like a few barren rocks that the sea had cut off from the promontory of Norway, barren and uninhabited, with seagulls circling over them. They make France look like a beach or a beachhead—to which the Russians could come if they wished to look across at the Statue of Liberty, thinking whatever they thought about it; to which the American LSTs could return.

In America you can be so close to Russia, on the new maps, and so far, because everything in between has vanished making a great gap in between, that it becomes very easy to say that there is only America and Russia, and then you talk about a war or not a war. In America you are standing so far away from the Russian trouble that you see it as a mountain in the distance and do not see the plain (with the roads bordered by poplar trees, the villages, the cathedrals, the libraries, the universities, the young man writing a novel, freely, saying what he pleases) that lies between America and Russia. You do not see Western Europe, the free countries of Europe.

But if you are in France it is possible that you can look at Russia, Europe and America in true perspective. France is close to Russia but not absorbed by Russia, close to America but not absorbed by America. France represents the Europe which has disappeared from the new maps but which refuses to disappear from the life of the world.

That is why it is unjust and unreasonable to read into M. de Gaulle's speech of July 28 any undue return to that theme with which for some time he fatigued those who most admire his country; the stridently proclaimed theme of French grandeur.

Pleading for an alliance with Great Britain, insisting that Europe tightly held between the immense powers of Russia and the United States must unite if it is to survive, de Gaulle spoke as a European and not only as a Frenchman. "Henceforth nothing can relieve the heavy anxiety that weighs on the fate of each country and each individual concerning the future of the relations of America and Russia," he remarked, after quoting de Tocqueville's prediction, made a hundred years ago, that Russia and America were the nations which seemed likely to divide the world. As a European de Gaulle does not want to be divided.

And Americans do not want Europe to be divided. Because if Europe is divided then the maps that do not show Europe will be right; Europe will have disappeared—the countries that were independent European countries will be Russian countries and, if there is a fringe left along the Atlantic, that part of Europe, that most representative part of Europe which once was called France, will be an American country, an American frontier.

No, this is not France attempting to dominate Europe or anything else—save anguish alone. M. de Gaulle's voice is the voice of all Europe in this moment of extreme fatigue, disillusion and anxiety. His fear that Germany once again, "tempter or tempted," may be at war with France or used in some other war is not a French fear only. That fear of Germany, or of a conflict between Russia and America that would involve Germany and destroy Europe, overshadows whatever independent European countries remain in existence.

It would help to avert that war if we remembered, and showed that we remembered, that such countries still exist, strengthening their will to exist, treating them as if we wanted them to exist. It would be prudent to look a little less at those maps which do not show them. The maps are deceptive. The Germans, inattentive to the hearts of others and to their own, looked at maps that simplified the world into heartlands—and ingeniously arranged their own doom.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Fight over Neutrality

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

THAT unreasonable feeling of tribal unity which today we call nationalism but which is equally a characteristic of partisanship and which can easily become associated with religious faith has produced so many evils in this world that it is almost tedious to discuss them; often they take on such fantastic proportions as to be ridiculous; yet they show no signs of abating and however silly they may seem to those who do not participate, these evils are among the greatest—psychologically — troubling our world today. Within living memory many an honest Irish American Democrat in New York questioned the true Catholicity of any man with a name like Donovan were he enrolled as a Republican; even today many a Russian exile, inexorably opposed to Stalin, would view conversion to the Catholic Faith as treason to Mother Russia. Indeed it is one of the worst aspects of warped group loyalty that it should lead to precisely such irrational confusions between categories.

Not long ago one of the leading clerical exponents of extreme French Canadian nationalism—a gentleman who dreams of a completely independent "Laurentian" state—announced in public that it was a matter of common observation that when French Canadians began to learn English, they began to lose their Faith. As this remarkable statement was made on the Feast of Pentecost, certain wiseacres among the reverend gentleman's opponents asked what had happened to the gift of tongues and to the precept to teach all nations. Indeed French Canada today offers an extraordinary example of what can happen when group solidarity, at least for a minority in a given people, becomes the ultimate loyalty, absorbing into itself all other loyalties. This phenomenon has a further effect. Since its food is extremism, it encourages arbitrary domination on the part of its leaders over the less enthusiastic mass of their fellows, whom they feel they cannot trust to keep the dykes tight against outside influences, vicious, in the last analysis, entirely because they are alien rather than because of any characteristics of falsity, badness or ugliness which they may or may not possess.

But to our French Canadian friends we may be grateful for one thing: they have at last brought the issue into open controversy. Ever since a thorough-going nationalistic movement has existed in Canada, it has tended to identify language, religion and (the word is its own) "race." To be perfectly explicit, this has meant that in such circles an English-speaking Catholic has been viewed either as a freak or a second-class Catholic. It has meant that a French Canadian who spoke no English was somehow a little better morally than one who knew both English and his mother tongue. It has meant that English Canadians are really not Canadians in the full sense, and that hence any antipathy on the part of the English-speaking to the French-speaking constituted insult upon injury. The consequences of this outrageous zenophobia have been tragic. It has had the saddest of effects on the labor movement, by reaction even producing what many people might have believed to be impossible—a small French Canadian Communist Party. It has erected what often amounts to a spitefence between English- and French-speaking Catholics. It has deflected into the meanest sort of anti-Semitism wherever any Jews are present. It has contributed in no small measure to the backwardness of French Canadian technical and social education.

Not for a moment would I suggest that this worse-than-chauvinism reflects the opinions and feeling of any but a small minority among French Canadians; unhappily it is a very vocal minority (which has almost never succeeded in electing any of its representatives to office) and therefore a minority bent on puffing itself up and thereby perpetuating itself as the "real" spokesman of the "real" French Canada.

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A few moments ago I said that in crucial fashion the controversy between common sense and zenophobia has come into the open. In December of last year Father G. H. Lévesque, O.P., a leader in the cooperative movement and Dean of the Faculty of Social, Economic and Political Sciences at Quebec's Laval University, published an article in *Ensemble* regarding what he describes as "non-confessionnalité" in cooperatives.

It will be recalled that the original Rochdale Principles included "neutrality" in religious matters. Unhappily the word *neutrality* can be taken in two ways. It can be viewed as what Father Lévesque himself calls a "practical attitude" rather than a "doctrinal position." I should be inclined to differ with Father Lévesque when he attributes the first meaning to English and the second to French; the word has similar semantic difficulties in both languages. Yet perhaps to the French mind it is more difficult to dissociate *neutrality* from a systematic philosophical indifferentism than it is to the English. In any case, in the interests of a greater precision, Father Lévesque as long ago as 1940 and perhaps earlier preferred to substitute "non-confessionnalité" for "neutrality." I suppose that a rough English equivalent would be "non-sectarian," in the sense of an organization banded together for secular ends and therefore not concerned with the specific religious affiliation of its members, while in no

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way imposing upon any of its members actions or acquiescences running counter to their religious beliefs.

In any case, this rather technical article in a trade journal of the cooperative movement gave opportunity for certain clerical exponents of French Canadian nationalism, insisting upon the necessity for sectarianism in all social activities, to cast doubt upon Father Lévesque's orthodoxy by means of three rather innocuous-seeming news releases. The precise identity of his opponents is hidden by the fact that these releases were issued by the Ecole Sociale Populaire, an organization sponsored by the Jesuits but probably in no way reflecting the opinion of all the members of that order.

In March Father Lévesque's religious superior, the Very Reverend P. M. Gaudrault, O.P., Provinicial of the Dominicans, published a full dress defense of Father Lévesque's position in the form of a pamphlet, "Neutralité, Non-Confessionnalité et L'Ecole Sociale Populaire." This brochure has had an extraordinarily extensive circulation in the Province of Quebec and has aroused tremendous streams of talk, though little published comment. What is significant is that its *Nihil Obstat* was granted by two priests, both specifying that they are Masters in Theology, and that its *Imprimatur* comes from Archbishop Charbonneau of Montreal.

Father Gaudrault not only defends the distinction between "non-confessionnalité" and "neutrality" and finds it perfectly licit for Catholics to participate in non-confessional cooperatives; he goes further and points out in very vivid language some of the evils which can arise from what he calls an exaggerated "confessionnalité." He minces no words, and I think it is worth while to quote at length from one section of his pamphlet. He lists the ill-effects certain to arise from an excessive stress upon the confessional label and the consequent excessive part played by churchmen in "profane" affairs:

> (1) First it puts out of countenance a far greater number of good Catholics than might be supposed, since they feel hemmed in, check-reined, guided like little children within their own proper sphere of activity. They feel suffocated. And when such things are said by men devoted to Catholic Action, we can understand how great is their unrest. Some day or other these good Catholics will explode. Even now they require constant guidance to prevent their objecting too loudly, even if they have no desire to break windows. And there are those among them already inclined to sulk in their tents.
>
> Catholic Action, they say, is the apostolate of the laity under the direction of the hierarchy. But the laity is so greatly feared that all too often Catholic Action amounts to the substitution of the clergy for the laity, and any lay undertaking is discouraged.
>
> That this should not be the case everywhere is consoling, but that it should be the case in many places is a fact. Catholic Action, the apostolate of the laity under the direction of the hierarchy, will be effective only if the laity is trusted to the same extent that Pius XI and the Church herself trusted it.
>
> (2) Moreover, it can exasperate many other Catholics who are already too prone to criticize the Church and the clergy. Unhappily the number of these Catholics is continuously increasing, and at this very moment there is great danger of a reaction which would do harm both to the Church and the clergy, under accusation of having too much weight in the realm of secular life. Anti-clericalism is growing rapidly, much more rapidly than we may think, especially in Montreal. Not long ago a Catholic of solid position in the community, whose obligations lead him to move in all circles, said to me: "Father, you do not know what is being said everywhere, what is stewing in the pot. People speak freely before me, and the clergy would be appalled were it to hear what certain people considered good Catholics are saying. They are merely awaiting an opportunity to come out in the open, and some fine day we shall wake up in Spain! That is true from the top to the bottom of society."
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> (3) Among non-Catholics, it alienates certain civic organizations, in which non-Catholics acting with their Catholic fellow citizens could work together for the common good of society. A given non-Catholic, honest and conscientious, would have no objections to collaborating with Catholics in social works, but if the Catholic label is there, he will feel that by doing so he adheres to the Catholic Faith, and he will turn away.
>
> Often, indeed, this will go as far as religious antagonism and strife, something which ultimately always turns against the Church and against Catholics, v.g., the cry of "priest-ridden Quebec" and its consequences in some circles—a situation which some of our own people do not hesitate to exploit.
>
> In secular and money matters the Church and the clergy are always in an awkward position if they become too involved. A parish or a religious institution need only lose someone money to arouse scandal and unleash the virulence of those who merely await an opportunity to quarrel with the clergy and the Church, to cry out at improper Church influence, and to promote anti-clericalism, even in cases when the Church is operating in her own proper realm.
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> In our Province the clergy is already too much accused of being a "Trust" and of wanting to have a finger in everything. Wherever laymen can sensibly, honestly and competently manage their secular affairs in accordance with the principles of Christian morality, why then inject in everything, in the realms proper to laymen, an external sectarianism? Especially why in a country like ours where races, religions and languages are many, thus creating a very complex and thorny problem? . . .
>
> To the fullest extent possible, when the rights of the Church, of faith, of morality and of Christian social teaching are adequately guaranteed, would it not seem wiser to leave the laity alone in their own realm? We are always in a better position to give to God that which is God's when we have already given to Caesar that which is Caesar's.

It is reported that the Ecole Sociale Populaire is preparing its reply to Father Gaudrault; so far it has contented itself with a brief review of his pamphlet in its own monthly, *Relations* (May, 1946).

Father Gaudrault urges that there be no further condemnations of the principle of "non-confessionnalité" unless and until the appropriate ecclesiastical authority has spoken. And as we go to press, we note the news that the Dominican Provincial has taken a plane for Rome.

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Grafenau Denazified

A revealing first-hand case study

William H. Jordy

MG HAS attempted to denazify the American zone under three laws. The third, passed under MG surveillance by the Germans themselves in March of this year, has recently been put into operation. Impressively christened "The Law for the Liberation from National Socialism and Militarism," it is designed for the impressive task of so effectively eliminating nazis that it will be the *final* law. Through it, MG has stepped down to the prompter's box, to let the Germans bow into the center of the stage as prosecutors.

Will this latest decree do the job it is supposed to do? It is too early to do more than hazard a good guess based on the fact that the third law is a direct outgrowth of the two that preceded it. There have been enough disquieting reports on our denazification; most of them have been sweeping indictments based upon a Berlin perspective. Thus, we know that there has been trouble; but what kind of trouble. We know that something has been accomplished, if only because thousands of men are involved in "denazification"; but precisely how much has been accomplished? And precisely how much left undone? Hence the need for a local appraisal—a case study of what has happened in a single German county from V-E Day to the inception of the new law.

The mountainous Lankreis Grafenau, tucked under the Sudeten frontier, is a rough equivalent of a backwoods American county. It boasts 31 villages, none of them with a population of over 5,000. Most of the villagers make a living from the forests; there are also several glass factories existing on the southern fringe of Bohemian quartz supplies and, of course, some marginal farming. Only one factory—a wallboard plant—employs more than 250 people. Thus, the denazification of Grafenau is less complicated than that of an urban kreis. But this very simplicity of the political and economic structure serves to clarify both processes and problems.

There is another respect in which the Grafenau Kreis may be atypical. As far as I could observe, it has been fortunate in the American personnel assigned to govern it. There has been a dignified aloofness from both the excesses of fraternization and of black marketeering. There has been a genuine idealism about occupation duties. There has been a degree of efficiency not always apparent in MG, partly because Captain Samuel Perlman, who was chief of Detachment D 303 until this spring, had been with MG throughout combat and was sufficiently interested in occupation to master a halting German, partly because of an intelligent and fair-minded economics officer, and partly because the German administration has been decentralized with no one individual becoming the MG-fuehrer as has happened where jobs are pyramided on the shoulders of a native who conveniently combined an executive personality with the ability to speak English. In so far as Grafenau is atypical in this respect, the kreis affords an opportunity to analyze policies instead of personnel.

Somewhat before the latest law was signed in Munich on March 5 by the President-Ministers of the three provinces in the American zone, the bulk of the denazification of Landkreis Grafenau had been completed in accordance with existing directives. All those public officials who had been branded as "nazi" by denazification paragraphs and sub-paragraphs had been removed. Except for two doctors, a druggist and a nurse, deemed essential to protect Kreis's health, at minimum fees determined by MG, the professions also had been cleared. Finally, business, from the moderate-sized factories to the local grocery and butcher shops, were cleansed of those heilers with the fattest bank accounts. By this time, foremen and lesser supervisory help will also have been purged.

Statistically, almost any kreis would present as pretty a picture. Ever since public sentiment against spotty denazification resulted in a change of 3rd Army commanders, MG officials have placed a priority on denazification—at least, on denazification according to the directives. If the officers have not reached this point of view through personal conviction, then they have been forced to adopt it through demands for an iron-clad interpretation of headquarters rulings. The recent edict providing for the blanket denazification of railroads eradicated the last major area in the German economy where the efficiency expert publicly dominated the political thinker. Privately, of course, there are frequent instances of nazis living as luxuriously as they did under

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Hitler. Some of these escape the denazification dragnet through MG ignorance; entirely too many are forgiven in return for personal favors.

Speaking broadly, we are finally practicing denazification on paper. But to what extent have our directives denazified the people? Statistics provide only a tentative answer to a human problem. Conscientious detachments, like D 303, consider their biggest job to be the daily evaluation of "dismissals" against an unmeasurable degree of nazism.

Just as D 303 watches the graph of "dismissals," so also do Grafenau's 28,000 inhabitants. The detachment's monthly recapitulation of its activities, compiled by a woman with a grandiloquence worthy of Gibbon, consistently stresses the Landkreis-shaking effect of these directives. For example, one edition opens, "The majority of these people live in the 16th century. Two World Wars and the advent of the Atomic Bomb have passed over the Landkreis scarcely rippling the surface of its deep waters. The denazification laws have occasioned more excitement among the people than all these historical events put together." Whereas the 3rd Army's Pilsen-bound artillery slightly damaged one Kreis village, the Grafenau citizen realizes that his position in D 303's filing cabinets is capable of inflicting more permanent personal damage than Patton's fast-moving armor ever was.

Until the announcement of the latest German law, village gossip centered around two decrees that still form the basis of American denazification policy: first, the so-called "July 7th directive"; second, Law 8.

D 303, like other detachments, has used the July 7th directive principally for weeding Grafenau's bureaucracy. But more interesting to the average citizen was the denazification which took place in a pink-calsomined, upstairs room in the Kreis seat, where, in informal court, a committee of seven Germans has cleansed most trade and industry in accordance with Law 8. The first law affected not only Kreis bigwigs in nazi public life, but teachers, foresters and other civil servants. The second affected not only big operators, like Holzhauer, whose wallboard plant is Grafenau's largest factory, but also the quarrymen, the master glassblowers, the local innkeepers, butchers and grocers.

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Quite naturally, denazification is the universal topic of conversation. But what kind of conversation? Until the appearance of the new law, village talk was loaded with grumbling at the inevitable unfairness of mechanical pigeon-holing. Although D 303 freely admitted instances of injustice, the detachment considered it better to be too harsh to some, than knowingly so lenient to a few that even a handful of nazis could remain untouched in their former splendor. The first job had, of necessity, to be that of eviction; the latest ruling provides for readjustments, so that the less guilty will pay a lower price than those more culpable.

Because gossip was directed at the unfairness, there was little inclination of Grafenau's non-nazis and lesser-nazis to condemn those more enmeshed in the Party. Toward most dismissals there was active pity, rather than vituperation. There were exceptions. The chief nazi officials were disowned generally as local versions of the Nuremberg criminals. The dispossession of many of the biggest Kreis businessmen, almost all of whom had been Hitler disciples, was welcomed also, if not for any disagreement with their political philosophy, then for the new vacuums created in the Kreis economic stratosphere, into which lesser fry might expand.

D 303 hopes that the readjustments permitted under the new ruling will convince the average citizen that active nazism merits an attitude more akin to social ostracism than to indulgent sympathy. But, thus far, there is little hope that Grafenau's Johannes Schmidt will turn against any "nazis," except those few who "lorded it over" him in their brief hour of triumph.

Such evidences of unfriendliness toward former nazis as D 303 has catalogued indicate that only a handful of former nazi victims maintain a consistent aloofness. Other instances are trivial. For example, the Kreis political officer believes the large election turn-outs can be attributed to the desire of those who escaped the denazification axe to flaunt their purity as much before fellow citizens as before MG officials.

The attitude of the Grafenau populace toward denazification, however, can be better understood against the actual process of classification and the splash which it has made in the "deep waters" of this isolated Landkreis. Because the July 7th directive created the first set of ripples and the later Law 8 increased the surface simmer to a near tidal wave, Grafenau's cleansing can be divided in accordance with MG's basic policies. The results of these two laws must be ascertained, in turn, before evaluation of the most recent edict is possible.

The first of these laws was embodied in an unprepossessing bundle of mimeographed papers, which laid the foundation, not only for US denazification policy, but also for our official attitude toward all German problems. After quoting that section of the Crimea agreement which states that it is the Allied determination "to remove all nazi and militarist influences from public offices and from the cultural and economic life of the German people," the directive set up the two broad criteria according to which Germans were to be either removed from or retained in their previous

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positions. Although in policy this law provided for the denazification of the entire German economy, in practice it became the predominant instrument for cleansing government and civil service and therefore it will be considered in its primary rôle here.

Public officials listed as "automatic removals" were declared to be the following: (1) *All* Germans who joined the Party, or any of a long list of affiliated organizations *prior to May* 1, 1937. (2) *Any* German who could be proved an *"active"* nazi, either by membership in the Party (*regardless of the date of joining*), or by being the recipient of unusual profits or honors under the nazi régime.

Appoximately 40 percent of Grafenau's officialdom has been swept from public office as a result of this sifting. For the 184 persons dismissed, only 105 replacements had been located up to March of this year. Denazification, therefore, has created a shortage of civil servants in this backwoods area.

MG has reduced Hitler's 31 burgomasters (one for each village) to 17. Less efficient help has been entered on the Kreis payroll. For example, the only available judge was an aged gentleman who had taken his failing faculties into retirement in the first years of the Third Reich. "Justice in Grafenau may be not only a little blind," Captain Perlman admitted, "but slightly deaf as well." Also a number of non-natives (*Zugereisten,* as the separatist-minded rural Bavarians contemptuously call them) have come into the government. Although this emergency measure was kept to as low a figure as possible before the Kreis elections—and, indeed, Grafenau was better situated in this respect than some neighboring Kreis—the number of refugees was still impressive and gave something of a provisional character to the pre-election administration. I left Grafenau before the Kreis election, but it is safe to assume that most (if not all) of the *Zugereisten* in county government have been swept from office. Despite Kreis-wide approval of his capabilities, it was doubtful, for instance, that the Landrat, a Frankfurt-on-Main journalist, would be retained in office. The catalogue of his virtues always terminated in a despairing, "But Dr. Semank is a *Zugereisten.*"

*

The recent Kreis elections have undoubtedly removed this unpopular element and substituted in its stead conservative "Christian Socialists" of inferior ability. The appeal of this party to nascent nazi tendencies has been well publicized. Of all the village priests in the Kreis, who act in the simultaneous capacity of spiritual leader for both God's kingdom and the Grafenau bureaucracy, only one refrained from mailing form-letters to D 303 requesting leniency every time a parishioner was labeled as a nazi, no matter how unsavory his reputation. In this stronghold of Catholic conservatism, certainly delayed elections could not have swung the balance of power away from the Christian Socialists. They might, however, have afforded the Social Democrats an opportunity for more thorough organization and, therefore, for stronger influence in opposition. The presence of totalitarian ideologies masking under a legitimate political party exemplify just how much easier it is to criticize MG for its paper denazification than it is to devise the infallible divining rod that will separate the pure from the wicked.

This is most strikingly, and alarmingly, demonstrated in Grafenau's educational system, as reconstituted by the July 7th directive. In a rural kreis, like Grafenau, where the local teacher frequently represented the only substantially literate personage in his village, the pressure put upon him to join the Party—and especially to head the local youth movements—was possibly more intense than for any other civil servant.

In all, the Kreis was short 72 teachers. Of the 58 pedagogues then instructing, only 11 were indigenous to Grafenau before V-E Day. Of these 11, two were nuns; one returned from a Brazilian classroom in 1937 and never joined the Party; two were youngsters, who started teaching in 1944 and probably had no time to become Party members. The remaining six were Party members. But, although these latter were often no more, and no less, active than many of those who were dismissed, they had the good fortune to come into the Party *after* the critical May 1, 1937, demarcation date. In most cases, the reason for this late membership was not that they had successfully withstood nazi membership campaigns, but that they began teaching some time after this date.

Thus 47 of the 58 teachers are refugees, most of them from Silesia, many from the adjoining Sudeten area. This proportion, where four times as many outsiders as natives are eligible for teaching jobs, fools no one—neither MG, nor the German people. Certainly, the teaching profession was as infested with nazis in Silesia as in Bavaria. But it was only recently that an announcement was made that there would be an interchange of information on Nazi Party members between the US and Soviet zones.

The resulting education in Grafenau is pitiful. Classes average 90 pupils; fully one-half of the classes have more, with enrollment in one village as high as 134. According to the school superintendent, who is (or was, before the election) himself an outsider, only three of the *Zugereisten* have attempted to fit into their present communities. The local citizenry, who believe that native teachers would be returned to their schools if these

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refugees had not invaded Bavaria, loathe the remainder—who, for their part, hate the villagers and desire only to return to their old homes. Most of the *Zugereisten* have difficulty with the Bavarian dialect. Many of them, too, are poor teachers largely uninterested in their work, unable to keep discipline or psychologically ill-adapted to teach. It is easier for the observer to bewail the inadequacies of the German school system than it is to correct the miserable education of 3,109 children overflowing the classrooms of a single Landkreis. There is perhaps not a single teacher, either in or out of the classroom in Grafenau today, who can unqualifiedly be termed a "democratic pedagogue."

★

If the education of the coming generation could be delayed five or ten years, perhaps there would be time to immunize new teachers against totalitarian ideas. But this is impossible. The only alternative is a patchwork formula of making the best of what is available. Perhaps conditions would have been somewhat better had detachments, like D 303, not been forced to loosen controls so rapidly that no *positive* program of denazification could be planned to fill the chinks in a formula which is purely *negative* in character, however conscientiously administered. Even if this negativistic yardstick were to be extended so as to measure all the taints and sub-taints of nazism and its near derivatives (assuming these could be determined), then there would be but few effective Germans remaining in the Reich. At best, a negative system can only accomplish a disinterested weeding according to more or less arbitrary standards, which is the limited altitude to which MG denazification directives have aspired thus far.

Yet, even in aiming for such a lowly target, and even where the MG marksmen have tried to hit it, the barbs provided by the July 7th directive fell short of the bulls-eye. There was obvious room for German complaint when the law permitted so many of uncertain nazis status to enjoy privileges which so many others of equally ambiguous nazi sympathies were denied. This does not mean that any ardent heiler is ever "essential," but it does mean that the amount of punishment should fit the crime. Unless it does, these unfairnesses refute our claims that to punish the nazis is justice for the vanquished as well as retribution for the victors.

Admittedly, the May 1, 1937, dateline can be defended. In theory, it roughly corresponded to the date when Party membership, for civil servants especially, ceased to be a choice and became a prerequisite. But actually no one date affords a fair index of "activity" in the Party. Membership depended upon the recruiting zeal of local officials; in some areas the pressure was applied earlier than in others. The successor to a nazi incumbent might find that the Party status of the latter had to be assumed by the former before he undertook the position. There were some early enthusiasts, who progressively lost faith in the Party and actually offered passive resistance to it long before its doom was sealed. There were those who, by virtue of their enrollment in the youth movements, automatically became Party members upon turning eighteen. There was even one instance in Grafenau where a school teacher refused to lead the local nazi girls' group, until the village priest requested her to take the position "to keep a less fanatical person from getting it." She conducted a weekly sewing circle in her capacity as youth leader. The list can be multiplied endlessly.

But a fairer program, premised upon a ladder of punishment, is embodied in the law of March 5th. This plan, however, is dependent upon the procedure used to clear trade and industry. This will be analyzed in a concluding article.

Country House-Hunting

FRANCES M. LYNG

FOR the first time since my husband returned from overseas we are living in a home of our own. It is a borrowed house to be sure, lent to us by a friend who has gone to Texas for a month. We must return the house at the end of the month, but for thirty-one days we will be by ourselves, plan meals and eat them when we like—eat the things we like. For one month we won't have to stand in line at a cafeteria. For one month I can cook, and dust and sweep and my husband can mow a lawn. One month is a short time, but it is also a long time to enjoy a home when you have wanted a home very much.

My husband and I are house-hunting. We have been house-hunting for eight months. We are optimistically looking in an area that is said to be one of the tightest housing spots in the country at the present time. The surprising thing about this is that we are in a rural area of West-Central New England, not in a city. Our hunting takes us through the hills and mountains from one little town to another. There isn't a big city within thirty miles of us, but there are several good sized towns. We are looking at farms, big old country houses, some of which have been broken up into small apartments and rooms with or without kitchen privileges. In rare instances we may find a town apartment house, but such houses are always full and have waiting lists so long that in most instances the owners won't even take our names.

We did not choose our present location, in fact,

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being city folk, we would have preferred a city location. However, my husband's work led to his assignment in this country spot so we proceeded to it without delay.

We planned a future which included a charming farm in the country (a tumble-down place of course, to begin with, but fixed over by our efforts and picked up dirt cheap) with acres of land, partly covered with timber for the fireplace. It was worth three years overseas if my husband could find a home away from noise and unhappiness and misery. He dreamed of a barn full of cattle and an apple orchard. I dreamed of an herb garden with sage, wild thyme, rosemary and flowers.

Never did two people approach the country with higher hopes or more good will. All we wanted was to find a place and get started on living.

For eight months we have lived in a room in a town house. We eat our meals out and we are no nearer a house or apartment of our own than we were when we started. I have given up the idea of growing roses or even vegetables and I'm sure I won't need to learn to can for some time to come. However, after all our experience we are able to say on good authority that there is still plenty of pioneering spirit left in this country, even if it is shown by the city folks, nostalgic heroes forced into the country to live. The natives live comfortably in ancestral houses made livable by generations of folks who have gradually added and added to the comforts and conveniences until now it is a rare farmer who hasn't all of the things he and his family need to live well. But the conditions under which the ex-city folk live would give them the horrors if they were back in their city homes contemplating the prospect.

I recall one "estate" that I went to see with an agent. It was located on a state road—its sole concession to civilization. The only neighbors within a mile were a family of down-and-outers who were apt to get pretty lively at night when the family sat in the kitchen passing the bottle. This charming residence was a small square shack set in about three-quarters of an acre of barren land. The house did not have a single modern convenience. Even the well on which the owner would have to depend for a water supply was contaminated. I saw the house in the dead of winter with the snow piled high around it. The price was cheap, probably because the agent couldn't imagine anyone in his right mind trying to settle in there. I agreed with him that there were too many defects to outweigh any possible merits the place might have. Yet a month later I passed the house. There were nice curtains in the windows and a young woman in a fur coat was staggering through the snow to the wood lot, while a little child peered out of the window.

A girl I know from a large city followed her husband into one of the nearby towns. She was a college graduate, who had had an excellent professional position which she gave up when she married. The very best that she and her husband could secure was a one-room unheated tourist cabin stuck right out on a main highway. For cooking there is a hot plate. Her husband works on a night shift which naturally requires his sleeping in the day. The two of them have had to make the best of their one-room dwelling.

I do not say that these former city dwellers thrive on this kind of living, but I do say that somehow or other they make a go of it and are reasonably happy. A few are not.

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We found soon after we got started looking for a house that we had a serious rival in a large college, which is badly overcrowded and has taken everything available for miles around for its students and faculty. Also, as in many other New England towns, there are cotton and woolen mills and, as these have all been going at top speed during the war, there are many extra workers who have come into the area to work. A third factor is the presence of a large Navy unit at the college. The officers brought their wives and families and they are still very much ensconced in the neighborhood.

Imagine a quiet countryside dotted with small towns, lying in the hills and following the winding of the Connecticut River. If you came into this district on a vacation you would be impressed only with the scenery: mountains, hills, valleys, and twisting rivers. But faced with the prospect of finding a home, you see in the hills only the loneliness of homes cut off from nearby neighbors, snowbound in the winter and lacking any conveniences. In the towns you see houses bulging with tenants, a few dreary apartments, usually located near the mills and obviously built by the mill owners to provide cheap housing for low-salaried workers, but now jammed with white collar workers and professional people who have come to live in the towns and have to take what they can get. The towns also abound in those old-fashioned wooden houses that have been added onto from all angles. It is a common practice to add rooms by raising the roofs. These rooms are often miserable things because, being on top of the house, they are hard to heat in the winter, stifling in the summer. Yet the rent for a single room in one of these houses is often $45.00 a month or more.

There has been little building in any of the towns or outlying districts in the past ten years and there is little incentive for natives to build when they can draw such incomes from the existing houses. Of course, too, it is difficult for anyone to secure building supplies. It has been practically impossible for the college to secure the necessary materials to build temporary shelters

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for the returning veterans who wish to have their wives and families with them while they are studying. Houses that were supposed to be ready the first of March have been standing for months in a state of partial completion. When they will be ready for occupancy is anybody's guess.

We looked at one tenement that had a long waiting list of people eager to get into it. The rents started at $55.00 for three small rooms. The house was an old wooden factory building located near the railroad tracks. The enterprising owner converted the building into about twenty-five apartments. The halls are dark and musty. There are never enough lights on, so that you have to grope your way from floor to floor. The apartments consist of a living-room, bedroom and bath. To show the size of the bedroom, the largest room, let me say that it is furnished with a double bed, a chair and a small dresser—not another thing can be wedged in. I have seen many similar apartment houses in the city in the underprivileged areas. They came under the heading of low rent housing. But consider! This dreary place is located in the country and is really choice in comparison with many other apartments.

One man secured a room, furnished and equipped with a hot plate so that he could make a cup of coffee in the morning. He shared the community bathroom on the third floor of a reconstructed old country house. He paid $45.00 a month rent. The landlady and her husband both drink and fight. Recently because of competition for rooms in the town, the landlady upped the rent to $55.00 a month.

In another town, a young doctor, his wife and two children are living in rooms with no bath. If they want a bath they all have to go to the local inn.

Old wooden churches, old firehouses, old schools, whatever public building has been abandoned is now serving a new purpose. Abandoned one day, the next the air resounds with the noise of the carpenter redoing the interior and curtains flutter in the windows.

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We approached our country district as strangers. I did know several people in the area but they were school friends that I had known some years ago, or they were friends of friends of ours. I wrote to these friends and nothing happened. After we had exhausted the possibilities of friendship, we were strictly on our own.

I made out lists of property-owners in towns. I scanned the real estate columns of all the local newspapers. I called up anyone who was rumored to be interested in selling or renting a place.

In one town, we sat in a dentist's office waiting to dash in between patients and interview the dentist who was a large property-owner. We sat indefinitely in a second hand store discussing possibilities with another landlord. In this place we were turning away discouraged when the proprietor suddenly thought of a possible vacancy. He had an elderly man living in one of his apartments who had just gone to the hospital. If it turned out that he died, we could have the flat.

We canvassed all of the surrounding towns. If we saw an empty house, we stepped into the postoffice or the nearest store and inquired about it. I wrote to a stranger who owned a house that we saw standing empty in a village and asked if she could let us have the house for the winter. She was charming in her reply, but the house definitely could not be had. At one postoffice the postmaster told us he had seen some furniture either coming out or going in to a house down the road that morning and he suggested that we drive down and see for ourselves what was going on.

Some of my leads in house-hunting I got from people in the local places of business. I was told about an historic house owned by an old lady who was living in it and in poverty. It was thought possible that the old lady might be willing to let us have two or three rooms provided we were willing to clean them out. I went to the house and found the poverty and dirt only too evident. It also seemed as though the owner were too much of an individualist for anyone to share a house with her. The halls, rooms, and stairway were piled helter-skelter with the hoardings of years and the old lady groped her way near-sightedly through the mess, muttering to herself. I inquired if the house was for sale and was told that it was—for $27,000. I happened to know it was assessed for $4,000.

The over-valuation of property by owners in this area has made it difficult to secure a GI loan. The Veterans' Administration, anxious to protect the veteran, is unwilling to lend money for property that isn't worth more than a fraction actually of the asking price.

We had the opportunity of buying a 16-room tourist house, an old New England house well located in the center of a busy town, but like all old houses, big and rambly and probably with many an inside ache that didn't appear on the surface. For a while we weighed it pro and con, wondering if this were an ideal business venture (the house was far too large for us to swing as a private house). I had never thought of being the mistress of a tourist home before and it had some appealing features. My husband was enthusiastic about it. In his opinion there was hardly anything to do. Just a matter of making up a few beds every morning, swishing a dust mop around and then sitting down all afternoon to play solitaire or knit. He could see no problem in the fact that domestic help is so non-existent here that the present owner who is a native was never able to get even a part-time girl to help her and had to

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manage everything by herself. After a great deal of thought and discussion, we turned the business down. After all, what we are looking for is a home, not a commercial venture.

One other house really caught our eye. Situated on a state road, with acres of land that went back to face on a lake, there was this sprawling frame house and barns with a little sign over the doorway saying it had been erected in 1768. We learned later it was an old coaching inn. We went over its possibilities with the agents and bank representatives, and found that two young people with a modest income and limited reserves could hardly make a dent in fixing over this old house. We parted with it reluctantly.

Like all other veterans, we have thought of building a home but in a recent discussion with the real estate representative at the local bank we were earnestly advised by the representative not to consider building for another two years if we could possibly help it. He said that the cost of materials and labor is so excessive that they brought the cost of house building to far more than the completed house could be worth.

After eight months of house-hunting we are still as far from our goal as ever, but we have had a good time anyway. We have learned to know the area far more intimately than we would have if we had stepped into a nice little home of our own as soon as we got here. We have been forced to mix with other people and we have enjoyed the genuine friendliness of our neighbors. It is good to have people greet you with a smile and pass the time of day.

We have roamed through the mountains and learned to admire the courage of the pioneers who built their homes in spite of snows and winds and savages. We get a thrill from the sight of houses perched lonely and desolate on the sides of the mountains, with the doors and windows facing the setting sun. In spite of their seriousness and the grim struggle for existence, those pioneers must have had some eye for beauty. They satisfied it in the locations of their homes. We have passed many abandoned homes that tell their own sad story of settlers who founded their homes, and less rugged generations that gave up the unequal struggle and either died off or went on to spots where nature was kinder. In good weather, I have sometimes wanted to buy one of these desolate farms, but when the winds howl and the snow piles up, all I can see is the snow-bound farm and roads that no one tries to dig out. And then the loneliness and hard living are more than I think I can take.

My husband and I are not having any harder time than thousands of other veterans and their families. We are a little slow in accomplishing our ends but we expect we will make our home in this state that we have learned to know and love.

Communications

OUR IRON CURTAIN

South Bend, Ind.

TO the Editors: THE COMMONWEAL has in the past protested against the impossibility of sending parcels to Germany. These difficulties have, to a large extent, disappeared. Food parcels are now admitted into the American and British zones of occupation, including the American and British sectors of Berlin. But though letters and postcards can be sent to all Germany, it is still forbidden to send to Germany and to receive from Germany books and printed matter.

That is most regrettable. In Germany, many very interesting periodicals have started. There is *Die Wandlung* in Heidelberg, edited by Karl Jaspers, the famous philosopher, and by Dolf Sternberger. There is *Die Gegenwart* in Freiburg, edited by former members of the the staff of the *Frankfurter Zeitung;* and *Die Sammlung* in Goettingen, in which the old historian, Meinecke, has published a study of German militarism. *Die Frankfurter Hefte* has been started in Frankfurt by Walter Dirks and Eugen Kogon, who were widely known before Hitler among German Catholics. From various parts of Germany I have received letters asking me to read Kogon's article on German responsibility (Kogon spent seven years in a prison camp).

The first number of *Deutsche Rundschau,* Berlin, which was forbidden by the Hitler government in 1941 for its courageous attitude, has just come into my hands. Johannes Maassen, the Catholic Youth leader, is waiting for a license to resume publication of the Catholic weekly, *Michael,* also suppressed by the nazis. There are books and pamphlets; publishers have resumed their work, e.g., the Inselverlag, Goyerts in Hamburg, Klostermann in Frankfurt, Herder in Freiburg. Herder has put out remarkable pamphlets by Reinhold Schneider, who together with Bergengruen is now one of the leading German poets.

We can receive all this production only through friendly GI's and other members of the occupying forces and administration. Clara Menck who published a study on "Germany Today" in the *Review of Politics* (July 1946) can receive reprints of her article only in this indirect way. And if German scholars and educators need American material—American books or American periodicals—they must be instructed to send us the address of a member of the occupying forces who has time to pass on what we send to him (perhaps violating some rule, but I hope this kind of fraternization is permitted).

I understand that there are some technical difficulties which prevent sending large quantities of mail to Germany. But I cannot believe that books and periodicals and newspapers would obstruct the communication lines—if they are sent within limits which can be easily imposed.

Everyone who is interested in helping to bring about the reeducation of Germany and in finding out what is going on in there, who is willing to restore the intellectual communications of Germany with the outside world from

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which the nazis tried to cut her off more or less completely, will hope with me that it may soon be possible to send and to receive from Germany books and printed matter.

WALDEMAR GURIAN.

WAR AND PEACE

Terrebonne, Quebec, Canada

TO the Editors: There is a tremendous campaign on at present to make war seem very terrible. We hear stories about atom bombs and germ warfare like the stories that went on about gas after the first World War. I know the purpose is probably to frighten us so we won't want war at any price. But isn't that exactly the attitude that led to the second World War? And doesn't the idea of "no war at any price" leave one wide open for blackmail, and isn't that just what is happening?

It may be that another war will be terrible, but to agitate our imagination on it does not seem quite healthy to me. If the martyrs had occupied themselves meditating on the possible tortures that might be meted out to them, they would never have been martyrs.

I am all for a world organization to prevent war, but I believe that peace, like happiness, cannot be pursued directly. I think that the more we fear war, the more we are likely to stumble into it. There are always those to whom every frightful invention is an invitation to grasp power, and there are always those who can be intimidated, and thus the vicious circle goes on. The only way out is to put principles above safety, to fear disloyalty more than discomfort, to strive for law rather than fear force. There should be some things we want to stand for, even if they do lead to war, be it ever so frightful. It would be well to dwell on those things and formulate them. That's the way to dignity and courage, rather than this harping on future physical atrocities. That is the way to the tranquillity of order, the way to "win friends and influence people," and it is, paradoxically, the way to peace.

HILDA MARLIN.

RELIEF

ON VARIOUS occasions in the past THE COMMONWEAL has published in its communications column lists of addresses abroad where food and clothing packages would do much good in the alleviation of suffering. We have urged our readers to send anything they might wish directly to these addresses, but we have always expressed a willingness to handle the details of this for any readers who might find the task burdensome. Checks sent to us will be promptly turned into packages for European relief.

It should be noted that the need is greatest of all in Asia. How to help on that continent may best be ascertained from any religious order of missionaries or from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

It is pleasant to be able to report letters of thanks from those who have already benefitted by the generosity of COMMONWEAL readers. The Reverend Mother Superior of the Convent of the Assumption, Val Notre-Dame, Antheit, Belgium, writes: "We are most grateful for all the numerous and marvelous gifts we received from THE

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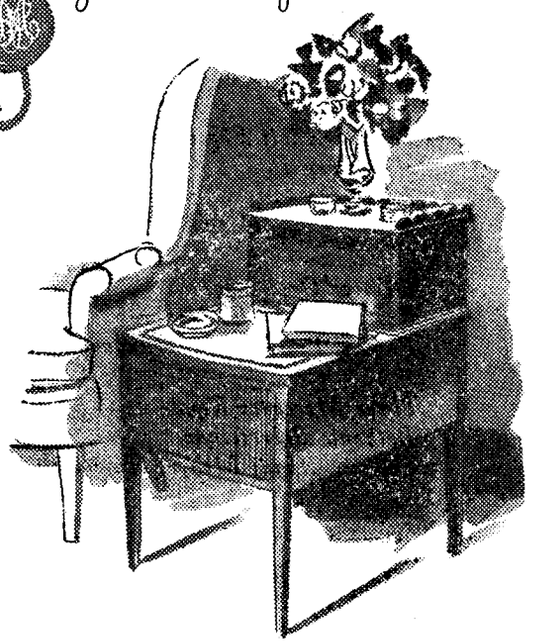

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COMMONWEAL's subscribers. They are most generous for us and we thank them very specially." From the Social Mission Society in Budapest comes word that by June 20 they had received 26 packages. "The Sisters write they wish the generous donor could *see what good* these packages did."

Here are some addresses in Germany, Austria, and Hungary. Enquire at your local post office for procedural details.

Mrs. Anna Hesslein
Werdenberger Str.16
Bludenz, Vorarlb., Austria

Senator Adolf Ehrtmann (24)
Amselweg 16
Luebeck
British Zone, Germany

Ottocar Orphanage
Szocialis Misszios Noverek
Pomaz, Pest Megye, Hungary

Sister Mercedes Kende
Bethania Szeretethaz
Szikszo, Abauj Megye, Hungary

Sisters' Convent
125 Krisztina Körut
Budapest, Hungary

Rev. Dr. Joseph Rossaint (22a)
Velbert, Dalbeckstr. 27
British Zone, Germany

Egon Formanns (22a)
Wipperfuerth, Markt 17
British Zone, Germany

Frau Benedikt Schmittmann (22a)
Koeln, Sachsenring 26
British Zone, Germany

Monsignor Ludwig Wolker (22a)
Altenberg, Bez. Koeln
Germany

David Gathen (22a)
M. Gladbach-Holt
Hehnerholt 123
British Zone, Germany

Walter Dirks (16)
Frankfurt am Main
Hasselhorstweg 27
American Zone, Germany

Rev. P. G. Planck
Wien IV
Kreuzherrengasse 1, Austria

Kasper Mayr
Wien XVII
Nachreihengasse 48, Austria

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12 Gansevoort St.
New York 14, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I am gathering material for a life of the American poet Trumbull Stickney (1874-1904). Trumbull Stickney was one of the most brilliant young scholars of his time: his studies of the Greek poets and the Venetian Humanists earned for him the first *docteur és lettres* to be granted to an American by the University of Paris, and his conversation earned for him the companionship and admiration of — among others — Henry Adams and Santayana. After his death his poems were collected and published by his friends George Cabot Lodge, John Ellerton Lodge and William Vaughn Moody. Sandwiched between slabs of apprentice work in the one-volume "Poems of Trumbull Stickney" are verses of clear and unmistakable poetic validity which, as Edmund Wilson has pointed out, are gaining for him increasing attention from readers of American poetry.

If any of your readers have letters or other material pertaining to him or to his friends, I would appreciate hearing from them at the address above. I can assure you that any material made available to me will be treated with care and used according to the wishes of the owner.

THOMAS RIGGS, JR.

THIRD PARTY

Auburn, N. Y.

TO the editors: Of the readers of your article "Third Party?" (July 26) I ask that they consider the record of the two types of political action—independent political action, and endorsing candidates of major parties —and be guided accordingly. This year, 1946, is the fortieth anniversary of the official adoption of both methods and we have the opportunity to judge the results of those forty years for purposes of comparison.

In 1906 the British Trades Union Congress adopted the policy of independent political action by officially naming and forming the British Labor Party. This was done in spite of the objections of some who said that it would take forty years to win a majority of Englishmen's votes and who pointed to many difficulties. A continuance of the old realistic policy of supporting candidates of the two major parties, Conservative and Liberal, who were not unfriendly to labor, was also vainly urged.

While in 1906 in the United States the American Federation of Labor officially adopted a policy it has pursued for the past 40 years and which has been adopted and followed in a more vigorous manner by the CIO. This policy is called "rewarding your friends and defeating your enemies" and calls for the support of candidates of the Democratic and Republican Parties on the basis of their voting record on labor legislation.

Now, let us look at the results. The British Labor Party is now in power after defeating the Conservative

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Party by a 2 to 1 majority and relegating the Liberal Party to a status of insignificance. While in the United States, when President Truman asked for support of his bill to draft strikers into the army, only 13 Congressmen out of 435 members in the House of Representatives voted against it. Only 13 could be depended upon in a crisis after 40 years of time, effort and money on the part of organized labor in the United States. At this rate it would take over 670 years to win a majority in Congress while we pursue the "realistic" policy of attempting to reward friends and defeat enemies of labor.

On the basis of this comparative record it is necessary to educate farmers-workers-consumers on the efficiency of and need for a new party for independent political action, now. The difficulties presented by fellow-travelers, divided labor and undemocratic election laws should not turn us off our proper course but challenge us to more vigorous effort.

WALTER O'HAGAN.

The Screen

Happy Birthday G B S

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW cannot be referred to any more as an octogenarian. He had a birthday the other day which put him in the upper brackets. A great deal was said about Shaw on this occasion, but I think the nicest thing *he* said was his modest admission that from time to time he has been quoted. This is the best example of Shavian wit and English understatement to come out of a citizen of Eire in a long time.

Shaw is probably the most quoted author alive today. (Hitler may have surpassed him a few years ago; but this Austrian paperhanger is supposedly dead now.) Any film critic, attempting to review Shaw's third and latest movie, flounders in all the Shavian wit and brilliant lines he'd like to quote. *"Caesar and Cleopatra"* may be a dud as a motion picture, but it's awfully amusing as a satire. And its dialogue is full of wisecracks. Those that pleased me most are the ones said in a casual, off-hand manner and which now seem less funny out of context: Caesar's advice to young Cleopatra, "Always take a throne when it's offered," or Caesar's understanding nod to troubled writers, "I am an author myself" (this must slay the millions of schoolboys who have struggled with "All Gaul is divided" etc.) or any of the remarks of Caesar's English secretary, Britannus, through whom Shaw ribs the stuffy English unmercifully with cracks about why they painted themselves blue then or make a sport of everything now. Of course the Romans and Egyptians feel the sting of Shaw's barbs too. The old iconoclast is in form high knocking off idols right and left.

The playwright is particularly fortunate in having such a good cast portray the characters in this satirical excursion into history. Claude Rains's performance as the wise Julius is of first-rate calibre—for its understanding of the famous general, the just ruler, and the man who teaches the child Cleopatra to be a queen and a woman. Vivian Leigh is lovely and properly dramatic as the girl

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who grows from the coy kitten shivering beside the Sphinx to the cruel and regal first-lady whom we usually think of under different circumstances. In the supporting cast, Basil Sydney and Cecil Parker are exceptionally good. Handsome Stewart Granger is rather lightweight as the dashing Sicilian who takes Cleo to Julius rolled up in a rug; and I found Flora Robson, in blackface as Ftatateeta, indulging too often in eye-rolling melodrama, but since hers is the only rôle of action perhaps this was necessary for contrast.

In cinema technique, that which tells the story through the camera, "Caesar and Cleopatra" is peculiarly lacking. Producer-director Gabriel Pascal gave the film as fine a production as I have seen, with beautiful technicolor and gorgeous costumes and sets. As a spectacle, "Caesar and Cleopatra" merits high praise; but as a movie it is dull. There are long talky stretches of political argument and dissension between the Romans and Egyptians that would make interesting reading, but for a motion picture they provide static material. Director Pascal was definitely hampered by this verbose script which Shaw himself wrote from his play. It should have been cut—not the clever parts like Cleo's seeing Caesar as a rather nice elderly gentleman hiding a bald head under his laurels, but certainly the seemingly endless discussions and intrigue.

Regardless of the heights G.B.S. may have reached as a playwright, this film shows that motion picture writing is not one of his talents. The success of "Pygmalion" in movies was due, among other things, to the play's being rewritten for cinema. We hope this will be kept in mind for the next Shaw movie (Androcles? St. Joan? Arms?). But we also hope that Gabriel Pascal continues to make these films. And a happy birthday to you too, Mr. Shaw.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

Why, oh, Why, oh, Why?

SOME very sad things happened at the recent convention in Chicago of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees and Moving Picture Machine Operators of the United States and Canada, AFL. That thirty Negro delegates were not allowed to take seats was the first thing.

And IATSE, as it is known for short, has now granted power to its president, Richard F. Walsh, "to add, alter or amend any portion of the constitution or by-laws he deems necessary." A majority of the delegates also adopted a resolution urging Walsh and the executive board to "take immediate steps to rid the International of any subversive, radical or communist groups . . ."

If these three actions, taken together, are not enough to raise the goose flesh, then you might consider the further item that Walsh was re-elected over very considerable opposition, which was by no means entirely communist. The vote was 649 to 426.

Some people may remember the IATSE as being the union in which, a few years back, there operated George Browne, former president, and Willie Bioff, two notorious gangsters who at one point held up the movie industry for some positively fabulous sums. They were eventually removed to the jug.

Reliable observers have reported that in the six years under Walsh the record of the IATSE has been clean and free of any gangster dirt. Let us fervently hope so.

Within the last year this union has had a bitter fight with communist elements in other AFL unions in Hollywood organized by Herbert Sorrell, painters' delegate, in the Conference of Studio Unions. This fight involved a long and violent strike over control of 55 set decorators. It also involves a CP struggle for control of the powerful movie industry. (Incidentally, it is another symptom of the madness of our times that one of the allies of the comrades in this struggle is Bill Hutcheson, the big, hulking, Republican dictator of the carpenters' union. Shades of the Hitler-Stalin pact.)

Although Sorrell finally won the 55 decorators, it was strictly a Pyrrhic victory, and he has been losing out elsewhere in his jurisdictional claims against the IATSE. For once the AFL executive council did not yield to Hutcheson's threats and a sub-committee handed down an award which clearly favored the stage hands.

Naturally everyone who doesn't want to see American movies and American labor used as CP "transmission belts" is pleased to know that the IATSE is putting up a vigorous battle in Hollywood.

But this battle is now endangered by the crazy action of the convention delegates at Chicago. In a few short hours they forfeited the support of thousands of men of good will in the industry. They also created a situation which is just peaches and cream for any racketeer elements who may—in the past, present or future—sink their talons into Walsh.

Will someone please tell us why it is that Americans, even now, have not learned that fascism is neither a decent nor an effective way to fight communism? Why, oh, why, oh, why?

Class War

FOR A long time the leaders of the auto industry have been whining and crying and complaining that strikes by the United Auto Workers, CIO, have been crippling production. They referred particularly to strikes in suppliers' plants.

There was never any suggestion that employers in any of these plants might be a little more reasonable about the union's demands. It was always the union that was presented as standing in the path of progress and enlightenment. But let that pass. There were also many other complaints about how the UAW, in one way or another, has been holding up production.

Recently Walter Reuther, up-and-coming new president of the auto workers, showed that his heart was in the right place by suggesting that all the auto manufacturers get together with the union in a general conference to discuss this question of increasing production.

Here was a decent, public-spirited invitation. What was the reaction? Kaiser-Frazer accepted. Willys-Overland accepted. Studebaker accepted, with a nice note from Paul Hoffman saying that the union's offer was "sincerely appreciated" and that "we want to take fullest advantage of it."

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But the Big Three — Ford, Chrysler and General Motors—what did they do? They turned it down. They not only turned it down, but they went out of their way to make sarcastic cracks about how the UAW, if it was *really* interested in production, could just call off all its strikes in the suppliers' plants. Chrysler, together with Nash and Packard, did express a willingness to talk things over with the union, but individually, not in any big conference that might give people the idea that the auto industry as a whole has accepted the union and is going to work out its common problems with the union. Oh no, not that.

What is most discouraging, however, is to see young Henry Ford II go along with this stupid, primeval, class-war point of view. From General Motors and Chrysler you can expect the worst, but young Ford, as a Catholic, was supposed to be exerting a new and refreshing influence in auto circles, a progressive influence. But your letter to Reuther, Mr. Ford, is neither new nor refreshing. It's the same old junk—stale, tiresome and bitter on the tongue.

Or perhaps, gentlemen, it's just pride. You don't want to humiliate yourselves by attending a conference called by your social and economic inferiors. Is that it? If so, we have here another argument as to why the government must take the initiative in organizing any kind of really national, effective, democratic set-up in American industry.

JOHN C. CORT.

Books of the Week

A Catholic Looks at the World. Francis E. McMahon. Vanguard. $2.75.

THIS BOOK was first published in November of last year, and was recommended in the Commonweal Christmas list last winter and it is still selling steadily through this summer. The author, associate professor of Philosophy at the University of Chicago, has produced an important and noteworthy book. The chapter entitled "The Failure of the Liberals" contains one of the most trenchant and lucidly written criticisms of philosophical liberalism that has appeared.

He writes, "'My end is conquest and enslavement' the Nazi would say. My truth consists in the fulfillment of those ends.' What was there to say to him? Nothing on the basis of the current fashion in relativistic and pragmatic morality." This work, however, has been favorably received in circles in which philosophical Liberalism is usually accepted, at least implicitly.

In another chapter, "The Failure of the Christians," the gulf between profession and practice on the part of his fellow Catholics in particular is described in forthright and vigorous language. Professor McMahon's book, nonetheless, was the choice of the Catholic Book Club. To have his work received enthusiastically by two such diverse groups is no small accomplishment for any author and an achievement in which a Catholic lay author can take justifiable satisfaction. To be sure, those who are seeking an exhaustive exposition of the objectivity of truth or a complete vindication of the moral law with its absolute values, which the author defends effectively, will not find them in this work. They are beyond the scope of the work which Dr. McMahon intended to write and has written. The bibliography, however, is excellent.

Some persons have regretted certain features of this work, e.g., the author's critical attitude toward Franco's government in Spain and his sympathetic treatment of the New Deal in the United States. The book would have been certainly less readable and in this reviewer's judgment probably less effective for the author's purpose had these and similar features been omitted. Too many writers who share Professor McMahon's religious and moral beliefs write as if these latter operated in a vacuum. The author of this present work has successfully avoided this tendency. His statements on Franco and his regime are useful for the record. They indicate to non-Catholics that Catholics were not obliged to accept Franco "as a man on a white horse galloping to the aid of persecuted religion," that it was possible even to accept him temporarily as the "lesser of two evils" while at the same time despising his brand of fascism. The observations on the Spanish Civil War may also be helpful for another purpose. There are persons in this country whose religious and moral convictions cannot be justly questioned but who unfortunately accept too readily politically and economically reactionary regimes in other countries when the spokesmen for these interests profess to be crusading for religion and defending the Church. If Dr. McMahon by his comments on Franco makes even some of these persons more critical in their acceptance of certain statements that emanate from South America, e.g., he will have served his readers well.

There is no indication in the author's evaluation of the New Deal that he is unaware of its limitations or the problems it did not solve. Furthermore, of the ultimate aims of some few of its supporters he is justifiably suspicious. He recognizes that while all problems in which man is concerned are fundamentally moral problems, they are not solely moral problems. In the milieu in which moral factors operate, political, economic and sociological factors also operate and present political and economic problems that must be solved. These latter are of incomparably less importance than the moral aspect of a question but inextricably bound up with it. Furthermore, today economic and political questions are extremely complex and baffling. To write and speak as if there were a blue print from the skies that gives a detailed solution to these questions is quite futile and a disservice to the cause of religion and morality. In these latter fields there is an infallible authority, there is none in politics, economics and sociology. Sigrid Undset has given lucid expression to this fact: "In other words in the democratic nations we had arrived at the conviction that it must be possible to solve also the problems of man's social relations according to the same fundamental principles which have made possible our conquests in the fields of science and technique. Of course one cannot simply place the sign of equation between the so-called exact science and social science, which must always operate with incalculable elements; no matter how much the science can discover about people, ultimately man will continue to be incalculable. But in so far as one can on the whole speak of scientific social building, the democracies are alone about it." Because the New Deal was a valid application of this principle, Dr. McMahon's evaluation of it can stand.

There are problems stated or implied in the pages of this work that one would like to see expanded into books. The rôle of the layman, e.g., in present day religious life, the causes for the apparently meager results of a great

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deal of modern education under both secular and religious auspices, an historical analysis of the unnatural tie between Philosophical Liberalism and Democracy when the latter is the legitimate offspring of Christian philosophical and theological principles—these and some more are questions which the author of "A Catholic Looks at the World" could profitably discuss at some length.

When the distinguished French Dominican, Lacordaire, was on his death bed he is said to have exclaimed that he was dying, "a repentant monk but an unrepentant liberal." This last term has been abused even more than most labels, but in our day it has a sufficiently definite meaning when applied to persons, and to object to its legitimate use is a species of captiousness and nothing else. Certainly one who is a lover of God and of all his fellowmen, social minded and forward looking, generous in his sympathy, who in controversial issues can defend his own positions effectively without taking unfair advantage of his opponent, is entitled to be termed liberal. By these standards Professor McMahon deserves the appellation. This is his first book. It is sincerely to be hoped that his succeeding works, like his first, will show him to be still the uncompromising Catholic and "the unrepentant liberal."

E. HAROLD SMITH.

The Fire of the Lord. Norman Nicholson. Dutton. $2.50.

THIS FIRST novel by a young English poet has its elements of impressiveness. Its latent strength comes from his ability to project a feeling of utter drabness with fierce conviction. The people of the mining community of Odborough are ground down by the squalor of their existence. Marriage is stripped down to its physical aspects; and otherwise life is a bleak round of working, eating, sleeping amid dust, slag, soot and battered dwellings. The few weeds and flowers which manage to break through in the town's outskirts provide the only sunny relief. Because of his narrative and descriptive powers Mr. Nicholson wakes warm sympathy for all men and women who are condemned to live in such a harsh environment. The names and liturgical feasts by which he subdivides his chapters and marks the passage of time in that bitter winter and early spring provide for the most part a rather sardonic ring. And his poetic sense here is in the direction of stark realism—few of his contemporaries seem able to arouse stronger momentary feelings of revlusion.

His characters are less believable. The young factory hand, Jim Birker, who often works on the night shift, exhibits toward his considerably older, repulsive, slatternly, quarrelsome wife a forbearance worthy of a saint. And Jim is far from a saint, making up as he does in no uncertain fashion to young Elsie, who works in his supposed wife's bakeshop. His restraint on a later occasion is more credible, for he is transported by his love for Elsie to respect the expressed wishes of the deaf, slow-witted, religious young Anglican even after she herself had lost the determination imposed by her religious scruples. Mr. Nicholson's solution of his triangle also hangs upon some quite unexpected qualities in the hitherto harridan-like Mrs. Birker. Perhaps long subjection to plays and novels of the modern environmental school have persuaded me too well that there are some limitations as to what a thoroughly delineated person might turn and do.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

Empire and the Sea. Fletcher Pratt. Holt. $3.50.

IN HIS "Empire and the Sea," dealing with the French Revolution and the early Napoleonic wars, from the English end of the telescope, Fletcher Pratt offers a counterpart to his earlier "Road to Empire: The Life and Times of Napoleon Bonaparte," which faced a world at war from the French side. No idle man, Mr. Pratt avoided college degrees and learned history by writing it—with delightful and uninhibited informality and the dramatic touch and literary smartness of a versatile and cynical journalist of imagination. A naval historian and a reporter of parts, he knows about seas, ships, seafarers and sea fighting in a fashion too informed to be erudite. And his reporting in this volume is detailed, at times, to boredom, so much detail is there about admirals, captains, politicians, strategy, and current business in that era of confused affairs and loyalties and of conflicting ideologies in all lands from Ireland to Egypt.

The reports of sea fights from Brest and Quiberon Bay to the Nile and Trafalgar is relieved by witty asides, brilliant observations, English contempt for the Dons and Italians as fighters, and the picturesque hit-offs of great heroes to whom there is made no genuflection. Indeed they may be too easily settled by a colorful adjective. Some circumspect readers may resent the startling similarities of Napoleon and Hitler and of that eighteenth century world war and the late war and turmoil of an explosive world. There is always danger in handling ideas and more hazard in stressing historical analogies. Mr. Pratt's assumption of information and liberalism on the part of his readers is quite flattering, even though his subjective history upsets some idols. Napoleon is not glorified; while conservative William Pitt is belittled, although he "entered Parliament with a conservative label though enough of a liberal in thought to believe that human slavery, pocket boroughs, and the laws preventing Catholics from contracting legal marriages were wrong."

Truly enough for Catholics, "the laws permitted no political functions but the payment of taxes and voting for Protestants."

Little glory is assigned English statesmen, in the proud Irish years of '98, Wolfe Tone, the Presbyterian United Irishmen, Vinegar Hills, and Father Murphy who couldn't catch bullets, after all—shadowed by the corrupt deal of the Union. Naturally the French failed; the Irish got caught up in secret societies; and the top-rebels like Lord Edward talked too much. Mr. Pratt offers the thought that "British politics is rooted in that sane and admirable willingness to give and tenacity in exacting value for value (with a slight profit) which has made the nation commercially great." And not all Englishmen distinguished between "criticism for the public service and that for private intrigue."

Enthusiastic is the account of Saint Domingue and Toussaint L'Ouverture whose career commenced in contemplation of Abbé Reynal's violent tract on the wrongs of the lowly and of the slaves. Of this black opponent, General Maitland, who never respected Bonaparte, observed that "None entered his presence without fear and none left it without respect." A bit colorful is the account of Lady Hamilton—made famous by Nelson, a licensed genius, and made lasting by Romney the painter. The author might have recalled the humorist in the Dail who glorified Dublin's Sackville Street—O'Connell to

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you—with its three memorials, all to great men with marital difficulties, and one of them was Nelson.

As an antidote for the tales of school books, there is the note of Admiral "Black Dick" Howe who sympathized with mutinous tars with no increase in pay since Cromwell's régime and backs cut by lashes under the callously cruel code of the quarterdeck. This was the same Lord Howe "who had quit his command in the American war because he found so disagreeable the business of fighting men of English blood who only wanted English rights." Nor were Cornwallis and the "naughty French" as bad as the warnings in their distorted pictures. Burke's history-making "Reflections" and fear of the unfed masses on both sides of the Channel made war inevitable under the useful "official explanation that there was no security while Europe held a power that violated solemn contracts." Such is Mr. Pratt's interesting history drawn largely from the contemporary press upon whose "facts" ordinary men must form their judgments on the affairs of the moment, whether foreign or domestic.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

Peace of Mind. Joshua Loth Liebman. S. & S. $2.50.

DOCTOR LIEBMAN is one of the outstanding Jewish leaders of America. Rabbi of the largest reform Jewish Congregation in New England, he is also one of the country's foremost radio preachers. Beside this active ministry, he participates in many academic and community-betterment activities. In the present book, he makes a plea for the linking of psychiatry and religion in achieving peace of mind for men. In several chapters he exemplifies how the two disciplines can cooperate in solving classic problems affecting human happiness.

The title of his work is significant. In another day it might have been entitled, "Righteous Living," on the assumption that peace and contentment could be an adjunct of moral rectitude. But today the accent is different. Formerly men had religion, and practiced it imperfectly; accordingly they were discontent. Modern man is irreligious and he too is unhappy. Psychiatry has tried to soothe him without widespread success. Rabbi Liebman suggests the addition of religion.

Naturally the religious beliefs and their applications which are to be reintegrated will vary according to denominational preferences. This is manifest in the synthesis worked out by the author, parts of which Catholics will find unacceptable. But the general soundness of his thesis, no one can deny. Without religious information (not to mention grace) man has no assured knowledge of his ultimate fate and the fateful choices in human conduct. However, these high truths have to be brought down to individual cases. Here psychiatric insights are almost necessary to reveal the uniqueness of the individual's means of leading a full life. For Catholics this calls for a revival and development of the art of spiritual direction. Regular confession, for all its sacramental implications, is but one phase of working out one's salvation. Reduced, as it commonly is, to the barest sacramental essentials, it can hardly provide guidance through the perplexities of existence. An immense amount of difficult and dangerous work remains to be done until the ideal state is reached wherein clergymen will be psychiatrically acute and psychiatrists will be imbued with a missionary spirit.

Rabbi Liebman is to be highly commended for his eloquent efforts to indicate lines of fruitful cooperation between religion and psychiatry.

HARRY MC NEILL.

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The Flight and the Song. A Tale of old Devon. L. M. Anderson and S. M. C. Longmans. $2.00.

IN COLLABORATION with L. M. Anderson, this is another story by the author of "Brother Petroc Returns" about the dissolution of the religious orders under Henry VIII. Again the scene is Devon, but this time entirely of the Sixteenth Century. It lacks, however, the qualities which were the strength of "Petroc": the terse narrative; the pointed irony and concentrated emotion. A half-witted boy is the central character, but although Robin is strongly championed by the authors and the mysterious Hermit, he aroused neither interest nor sympathy in the present reader, appearing rather in the light of a literary "stooge" for his sponsors' lyrical or sylvan fancies. Two other stories are interwoven with Robin's, the vocation of his nephew as a monk and one of his old playmates as an Augustinian nun. When the Abbey is destroyed, the neighbors listen to the rumor that Robin, being a changeling, has brought a curse. He dies at their hands but invoking a blessing on them. The basic idea is obviously that a fool who was unworthy of being a lay brother, was wiser than the Abbot who signed away his Abbey to the King. The power of the story is vested in Robin's ability to impress himself upon his audience, but there is also much charm in the writing. E. V. R. WYATT.

The Unforeseen. Dorothy Macardle. Doubleday. $2.50.

THE successor to "The Uninvited" has long stretches of quiet charm mingled with moments of terror and pain. For the most part the scene is an Irish countryside. The subject is a sensitive woman's growing realization that she possesses the faculty of "pre-cognition," at least that from time to time—and in the broad daylight—her mind presents her with a scene which later takes place in actuality. As this awareness develops, life in the country cottage becomes increasingly complicated and tense; finally one of these visions threatens the woman's only daughter with disaster if she should marry the young doctor she loves. The upshot had best be left undisclosed here. "The Unforeseen" is an entertainment staged by attractive people in which idyllic tranquillity gradually gives way to intense personal excitement. There are few gesture of social significance; it's the story which matters.

Hong Kong Holiday. Emily Hahn. Doubleday. $2.75.

POOR, bedeviled Miss Hahn, having been pushed around for "China to Me," offers us a collection of her thoroughly charming *New Yorker* pieces (they are all that, even though some of them never appeared in the *New Yorker*), this time entirely concerned with the months between the Japanese capture of Hong Kong and her return to America on the *Gripsholm*. Miss Hahn possesses an endless facility at this sort of writing; those addicted to it will ever clamor for more.

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